THE

POPES CONCLAVE

ON

ASPECT MADE BY HIS HOLINESSE, upon the dilations Disappointments which the Romanists have hath received by

The late Proceedings, and the Great Covenant of SCOTLAND.

Anno Domini 1640.

To the Author, his well-beloved Friend.

SPrings nigh their Source into a Brook extended
Prove Rivers great before their Course be ended.
Flowres which their Beauty in the Bud have show'n
Are found much fairer when they're fully blow'n.
The Lyons Paw, a Lyons Whelp descryes;
The great *Alcides* in his Cradle tryes
The Combat; And confounding his Assaillour,
Gives a Heroicke Presage of his Valour.
Thy Spring, Bud, Paw; This Cradle-Master-peece,
Say, Thy Ripe Age, shall yeeld a Golden fleece.

Sub Fæd. Sp.

In gratiam Auctoris.

NVlla Cupressus adest dempta hic de Culmine Pindi est
Laurus in Auctoris danda Corona Comam.
Non opus est Elegis in funere Præsulis, ipsa
Melpomene querulum nil tacitura sonat;
Gratior huic Musæ magedia Vrania, & illi
Basia Castalio mista liquore dedit:
Hinc, velut Alcides Clavo, plura horrida monstra,
Hic Vates calamo nobiliore necat.

Macte Poli decus Arctoi, nam funere ab isto
Vita perennat ibi, fama perennis erit.

DURÆUS.

De Aureo Libello.

Mellea quàm sit res oratio, quàmque rotundo
Agmine decurrat, blando glomerata susurro;
Quàm veneranda novo nunc verrat syrmate terram,
Nunc sublimè volans caput inter nubila condat,
Aspectus fugiens terrena mole gravatos;
Quàm rapido torrente fluat, quàm Suada venusta,
Quam modulis numerosa suis facundia præceps
Abripiat celeri mentes super astra volatu,
Audieram dudum: prius at non cognita Pythûs
Eximia & virtus & blandimenta fuêre,
Ante oculos donec dederat Scintillula flammam,
Claramque ingentemque simul; qua & purior illâ
Quàm præbere solet Phœbus de vertice cœli,
Quæ simul emicuit, concusso vertice cœlum
Intremuisse putes, taleſque dedisse sonores,
Quales Pythagoræ finxere oracla renati;
Angelica aut credas fudisse choreumata cantum;
Cantum, quale melos mulsit terramque polumque
Cùm cecinere Dei pueri præconia, laudes
Et cecinere hominis de æterno patre perennis,
Sponte suâ in terras qui cœlo lapsus ab alto,
Vt posset miserans cœli reparare ruinas,
Et nos mortales superas attollere ad arces.
At novnulla meam subit admiratio mentem,

Qui

Qui potis Angelicas infernus reddere voces?
Ni lateant furtim dulci ſub melle venena:
Sed latet & gelidum ſorbent cum melle venenum
Aurea qui Scorti Babylonis pocula ſugunt.

V. A.

De Vate, Authore Libelli.

OMnia Samariæ regi narravit Eliſha,
Quæ Syrus occultâ geſſerat in camerâ:
Scotorum regi hic vates arcana revelat,
Papana celat quæ penetrale domus,
Eliſham *Syrij, vatem hunc papana requirant*
Agmina, ſed pariles par quoque pœna premet:
Papanis pariter Syrijſq; ſcotomate caſis
Lucida pro tenebris ſpicula ſolis erunt.

V. A.

In gratiam chariſsimi ſui amici.

PRæſulis Inviſi jam infamis fama ſuperbit
Authoris Genio ſplendidiore coli.
Strata jacet prorſus tam inſurgens gloria, nulla
Gente Caledoniâ nominis umbra foret;
Si non hic vates celebraſſet funera, Papam
Illius Ambroſio *dum facit ore loqui.*
Fœcundo ingenio certat facundia linguæ
Nobile materiam ſic ſuperavit opus.
Materies Præſul te indigna eſt: præſtat amatâ

Vrania Roſcis haſta ferre genis,
Aenidum immortale decus, tibi ſerta parantur
Laurea, temporibus non peritura tuis.
Inferia tanta mittent per ſæcula famam
Dum ſuper æthereo volvitur axe Polus.

Jo. Morus.

On the ſame.

THy deare Urania fitts thy ſoaring Quill
To nothing that's below the Artick Waine:
How comes it then that with ſuch pretty skill
Thou doſt decipher *Romes* infernall Traine:
'Tis that ſhe may from Thee make ſpring a Rod
To whip the Prelates, and their Mitred God.

Shee'll ſpare ſometime (to thy Immortall praiſe,)
To Ironize upon their damned Plot
For thy Refreſhment, that with purer Layes
Thou mayſt her ſound from thy melodious throat:
How can thy Muſe, but chooſe to be divine,
When ſweet Uranias lips in Nectar thine.

Jo Moore.

To his ever moſt eſteemed friend, the Author.

THis Pope here lim'd is ſaid to flourish faire
In his Nurſe Idiome and the Latine Tongue:

But

But here's the wonder that a Sprit ſo young
Should blow him North to breathe our Native Aire,
And perſonate his ſpeech, as here is ſhow'n,
That he and his Impoſtors muſt admire
His Raptures and embelliſht griefe to heare
Powr'd forth in ſweeter accents nor his own.
If He and all his Conſiſtoriall Traine
Had in a Lymbick all their Braines diſtill'd
It would out-reach their skill, thus to have fill'd
Thoſe ſugred Pages with ſo rare a Straine
Of flowred ſpeeches, ſo this Generous Spark,
Hath made a light to ſhine throughout the dark.

D4. Prymroſe. J.C.

To his all-beloved and hopefull friend, the Author of this Book.

THou kiſs'ſt ſo ſweetly, with thy darreſt words, kills
With powerfull lightnings, and two-edged ſwords
Which thou elances from thy thundring Pen
That thoſe who challenge over ſoules of men
A tyrannie, muſt humbled all forbeare
To reach thy Garlands, or attain thy Spheare.
All other reliſhes like aſoes be
Compar'd with thoſe ſweet flowres which here we ſee.
Thine high-bred Quill, which breathes ſo gentle fire,
Drink with *Elixar* of Caſtalian Ire, drunk
Proclaimes the honour of the Graces love;
But moſt thy ſweet Urania, like a Dove
But fraught with her purer raptures, doth take pleaſure

To

To nurſe thee with the influence of her treaſure.
Yet here is but a flaſh; What can be ſaid,
When this Aurore her full beames hath diſplaid.

T. C.

The Author to Zoilus.

BUt ſpare to martyre Ingenuitie
Beld ſons of Cenſure; Bleſt be Authoritie
I kiſſe the Scepters ſhade, and ſtand in aw
Raſhly to dallie with the Lyons Paw,
'Tis thoſe baſe Tapers, whoſe Incendiarie breath
Stiffles the purer Light, poyſons to death
The nurſing Rayes of ſacred Majeſtie,
And kills our love-ſick ſoules with Jealouſie,
Which I blow at: Let Soveraigntie appear
The full delight of every Eye, and Ear:
'Tis thoſe uſurping ſpots, which doe prophane
The Moones ſweet face, her comely beautie ſtain,
I wiſh were wyp't away, and every Ray
Of Royall power, kiſs't by Perſian Ey,

The Perſians adored the Sun.

HIS HOLINESSE REMONSTRANCE:

OR,

A Speech made by the Pope to his Cardinalls, and the Romane Cleargie, *in the Consistorie at* ROME.

YOU that are the Light of the world, the Beautie of Truth and Zeal (Most holy Assemblie, to which the title of Candor doth properly belong) You fathers of Integritie, Sons, and Heires, aswell of my Institutions, as Designes, whom my Holy Benediction hath erected to be the Ornament of the Church, throned in all Catholicall graces: If naturall compunction touch you truelie, you have found how your most deare Primitive Mothers heart, hath received a late Wound from the Adversaries, and how a number of Impostors are risen

up, [illegible] Life-blood, her blood of [illegible] from her [illegible] der Sydes; [illegible] The [illegible] tens to pull up our Sacred [illegible] by the very [illegible] It hath made *S. Peters* tremble, Shook the very Altars and Statues, and affrighted the ashes of sleeping Popes: We have certainly gotten a Master-check, never felt extremitie like this; Amazement covers us, Our infallible Staff doth fail us, and for very fear our Mysterious Myter is turned Paralitick; Thick darknes dwells upon this Hour: Integritie, like one of Heavens bright Luminaries, by Errors dull Element interpose, suffers a black Ecclipse; The Locusts of Hell are let loose, and if they be not swept away, wee may resolve to make Bone-fires of all the Books of the Vaticane, and let all the Religious turne Knights errant; It is to be feared (my Disciples) least this new-fangled Heresie, pervert Nations, and Realmes to an open Revolt from our spirituall Scepter, and that these Innovators, spread over the world, cover the Earths face, and make [illegible] the land like Egyptian Grasshoppers.

The affront which our Holinesse receives, doth the more afflict Us, because it comes from that Kingdom of *Scotland*, the most-informed and inconsiderable Angle in the World, a people [illegible] red nor sought after, Yet our conscience beares Us witnesse, how affectionatly we have offered unto them our Apostolicall Embracements, but they hated to be reformed. And to the end that rebellious Nations might be brought under, You know, how I have [illegible]

labour

laboriouslie bestowed the strength of *Matchiavell*, and diligentlie sollicite *Ignatius* subtilities, who like a glittering serpent with his resplendent Poysons, can most divinely creep into the very Soules of the most impregnable Common-wealths, and teach them how to derive Life and Motion from Us; What great proofes we have had of their dexterities in such Conveyes, the whole Christian World can this day bear record; how nimblie likewayes those Emissaries, (fraughted with the same Excellencies) went about the great work called *The Possession of the World*, to make it Ours, you have learned by the relation of Secretarie *CON*, and may likewayes judge by the Records of the Articles and assurances which hee brought from these parts. The continuall Current of that Primates Intelligence, who for his active zeal deserveth well to be called, The *Genius* of the distressed Church in *England*, did sweetly refresh our longing soules with glad tydings, and conceived fair Hopes in our hearts. Wee have justlie ripened him with the Beames of our favour, and Wee must all confesse, that howsoever wee laid our Commands both thick and fast upon him, his alledgeance notwithstanding was ever devoted to Us in a boundlesse obedience, the humblest, yet mightiest of all filiall duties; full well he knew the language of mine Intent, & moved by my Sanctimonious breath: He hath propined most abundantly to that Nation (& I hope effectually too) (for the businesse of the Universall Monarchie went well on, I saw it in an Egyptian Glasse) the most Pure Waters which run from the threshold of *S. Peters* Sanctuary: And therefore this good Ghostly Father, is thought amongst those yet unhallowed

Heretiques, to be the great & Prime Incendiarie of all Christendome, who with the French Cardinall, tosseth Kingdomes like Tinnel-balls. We heard he can negotiat most handsomelie, & factiouslie, with pleasant subtiltie, and bewitching Courtship, abuse the Infatuate State with delight; He muzles the barking Tongue-men of the Time; and as cunningly as ever the Florentine Monster could poyson the fairest Commonwealth of Europe with his Politicks, so hath he most Episcopally exalted our Church Hierarchie, & established a Spirituall Government there, & now happily, advanced the opinion of our Glory to that Eminencie, that the two Tutelar Angells of *Cambridge*, & *Oxford*, stick not almost to maintain the Myter, of equall dignity with the Scepter; Nay, so good profiicients were they in his Apostolicall Canons, that as boldly durst they kick against the one, as spurne at the other. Thus were wee hopefull to see the old quarrell of the *Guelfes*, & *Gibellenes*, enflame the swords of Potentates, & dy the Copes of English Cardinalls, with the blood of Heretickes; for the course which he run, seemed to be Infallible, as the Prophesies of the Old Testament, Immoveable as Fate, and tollerat by Heavens connivance. And thus like a cunning Catholick, burning with zeal of the great Cause, and desirous to bring that fatall, and Neighbouring Nation under our banner, and within the bosome of the Church Catholicke, he fastned upon the most promising, and apparent meanes, which our Conclave could reach him, and put the same to its assured execution, as if *Ignatius* spirit, had made Pythagoricall Transmigration to his venerable braine. For the truely Æquivocall Father of that Church

Two Germain brethren; the one whereof maintained the Popes honour above the Emperour: the other sustained the Emperours dignitie above the Popes: whereupon they fought, and the one killing the other, their quarrell was spred throughout all *Italie*.

with his Fellow-labourers, the Scottish Prelates, caused compyle a Service-book, (to the great service of our Church) wherein were most divinely couched, the true Orthodox Tenets, of the Ancient, Apostolick, and Catholick faith, but ever opposed by the Enemies of the Truth in that Land; And in this Web of their composure, they had so ingeniously interlaced, (for though the Generalls were given out from Us, yet wee committed the particulars to their own discretion, *respective* in Times and States,) the sweet Embellishments of our Art, and the Majestie and Decencie of our Mistall, that none could well discover at the first glance, the girnes of our Holy Treason, by which wee would have surpryse the Heretick Soules, nor the Mysterie of the Work, unlesse they had the benefite of *Gregory* the Great, and *Bedaes* Spectacles, or *Calvinus* Perspective, by which he saw the Antichrist say Masse within the Walls of *Rome*. And those Reverend Presbyteries of these Northern Churches, who sought not themselves, nor the glory of this present world, that they might elude the People alwayes Jealous of Novations, and dallie with Princes, they advocate Authority, and caused animat the Book with the strong Influence of a Secular power.

S'il est vray qu'il l'a escrit.

This drift walkt a pace uncensured, never questioned but in thought, with a whisle, or whisper, & what ever disappointment it hath met with since, what ever misfortune hath stopped the current, & very spring of these Advancements, and overflowings; it ought not to be imputed to that never enough deserving Prelat, who is of the true Champ, and perfectlie sincere. But

these other of *Scotland*, who were but [illegible], and Neophytes, have given a little weak evidence of their good breeding in their profession; for the Politick Institutor had showne them the true and Catholicke pathes, and mounted them on the Chariots of Dignity, and Power, But once elevate to a sphere too high, and not able to sustaine such happinesse: Powder was not more ambitious when the match met it, than their mindes to mount, which emboldened them to presse our holy will, a little immaturely: Their preposterous zeal, blowen up with supererogation of Obedience, did anticipate the maturitie of our Designes, with an unluckie discoverie, to the eternall disaster of those Politicians, and back-sliding of the great Cause. Had they gone more softly, they had come more swiftly to *Rome*; but (good soules) presuming on the fair Path of their meaning, went a little rashly on, and brought within the wildernes of an Hereticall, though National Law, by some lines or words dropt unadvisedly out, did innocently hurt the good Cause, and gave the Adversary advantage by it; Had they with an insinuating distance, played a while with the Eare, and gropt the Peoples mindes, and found to what point their blood most inclined, and by strong Episcopall reasons violented their soules; had they prepared them with Purgatives, before they adhibited the Book of Missall, too strong for the Puritanicall complexion of the *Scott*, this day we might have gone in Procession, and sung *Te Deum*, whereas we now shrink under an abortive wound, and are met to celebrate the Funeralls of the most important Members of our Church, and most considerable souldiours of that Northern Conquest.

The

The sooner they dispersed their Novations, and the more imperiously they urged obedience, the sooner they hastened to the displaying of all, and loosed the fair advantages of Times and Plots. If they had not tempted the Eye of Jealousie too much, they should quickly have gained, no question, the Laicks, Sons and Daughters, of their meritorious Seducements.

But when before the fulnesse of Time, the Book pointed out his unknowne head, O how it was most profanely persecute, and how the sharp Invectives, like points of spears have rent and discovered his bowels. It was abhorred as a leprous brood, and every Parret in the Land was taught to raile reproaches, the very Children to preach against it, and every mouth could most profuselie vomit foorth his blasphemies. The uncatholicall multitude, like the spectacled Inquisitors of *Venice*, durst pick out syllables of Heresie, against the Canonicall liberties of our Church Discipline: The Laicall Judgments durst canvase the Mysteries of our Conclave, and question our Infallibilitie; But if our Holines had doubted their skill in cheering of soules; If we had not thought they had been more Spaniolized Gamesters, We should have taught them the Times and secrets of State, and wrought out our Holy purposes more softly, and at length found means to make thē swallow it over as greedily, & with as implicite Obedience, as even the Turks did their Alcoran: But we thought, it was no matter of difficultie to reconcile that silly Lunatick Church with ours, especially since they began to have a Communion of words with Us, and used familiarly that Idiome, which once heard of before amongst them, would have made a whole

Church

Church fall a swound, so much did we confide the con-
tinuall assurances of our Aeconomyes amongst them,
as the Cabinet of my Intelligences can well instruct.
And therefore our diseased Prelates would have done
well, sometimes to have throwne into the peoples
Eares, out of pulpits, the authoritie of Councells, and
gilded over the Rudenesse of their Pillules with the
Homilies of Fathers; yet faithfull soules, wee know
their Intentions was meerely and purely Catholicall:
but the affectionat passion to approve themselves ob-
sequious to our Holy desires, made them prove too
Herculean, that offered to strangle Serpents in their
Craddles; for sooner could the Seigniorie of *Geneva*,
embrace the Missall, and the abject *Valdenses* assent to
our Supremacie, than that cursed Crew, could be mo-
ved to welcome that Book of Reformation, which we
out of our Holy and Fatherly care, as Supreame Head
of the Church on Earth, conceived to be the Soveraigne
way to convey the beames of our purity, through the
darknes of those Ilands: But they had all drunk in such
a Mortall dislike against it, as no authoritie was able to
restrain the strong inward thoughts of the disloyall
subjects, and the hot murmurings, from coming to out-
ward Resistances, which all the Ecclesiasticall Canons
could not beat down, nor Secular power overcome.
Thus being a People without Wisedome, given over
to the spirit of Delusion, and Heresie, which wrought
most powerfully in them, and laying aside all subjecti-
on of their Execrable wills and judgements, infected
with that Leprosie, which they sucke from the Arch-
enemies of the Trueth, with an Immoveable Resoluti-
on, they combine against their own Anointed, and those

like-

likewayes whom by the Oyll of Punitie we have consecrate to be the Bishops of their Soules: And not knowing the principalls of Implicite Obedience, they begin to sift those Undoubted Verities, which are as old as the Sunne and Starres, and doe arraigne our Catholick Apostolicke Trueths, before their Tribunall, where our Venerable Cleargie (being the Character of our own Image) in whose hands we have absolutely put the Raignes of Ecclesiasticall and Secular Government, must stand to their determination, and wait upon the discretion of an usurped and Hereticall Censure. O high Impietie! The last of all Nations, (whose Revenues could hardly afford Us Oyle to our Sallads,) Is it to them we owe account of our Infallible wayes? Shall not they take of our Hands, which Multitudes, Nations, People, and Tongues; more regarded by Heavens than they, have kindly accepted. Shall they refuse to drink of that Cup wherewith wee have inebriat the powers of the World?

No, Counsellours & Rulers of the Earth, though hitherto we have sailed with a very prosperous wind, & were hopefull to arrive at the Port of our Desires, yet now certainly our Designes seeme to be scattered by a Thing which they call, a *COVENANT*, even as the fired Ship put in, severed the Fleet in the 88. For when this black Heresie had displayed the Ensignes of that Covenant, then whole Squadrons, Legions, and Numbers of Hereticks, like Frogs, were so espoused in their Soules to the devotion thereof, that sooner might you blow away the light from the Sunne, than pull them from their Covenant, or work up their festered Judgements to right reason. This accursed Covenant,

Hinc dolor, hinc lachryme.

nant, the King of all Monsters in Religion (which is able to make all other Monsters be unadmired, and draw all number to this only) out of whose wombe, like the Trojane horse, are like to come a furious Crew of Undaunted Hereticks to brash the walls of *Rome*) gives name to a Sect, which no Nation ever heard of, and if we were to translate, wee could not finde a word to expresse the same in any Language. The strength of our confidence, and life of our hopes, all those rank Insinuations and alluring snares wherewith we had enlived, and informed that Book of Service, like a Serpent hath gotten his Head bruised with a bolt shot from that Covenant, Nature seemes to debarre us of all meanes of help, and if the sublimated Inventions of our policies, could serve to restore, yet fortune likewayes seemes to thunder all, and threatens to shiver our Machinations; for out of the Gates of Hell doe all the Infernall powers rush like a River, whose current cannot be stopt, and who can stay their course. Indeed as the God of Trueth in all the Exigencies of the Church, doth stir up the spirit of trueth, to vindicate his puritie from the aspersions of the wicked, who love Darknes better than Trueth, so have we found a most gracious and true witnesse amongst themselves; for their owne Countreyman (in whom all courtly and Catholicall Graces doe reigne and throng most eminently) hath with a very good successe, drawne his victorious and triumphing Pen against them and their Covenant. We had sufficient Hopes that his Magnificke *MANIFESTO* should have curbed the Insolencies of these Phanatick Covenanters, laid open their shame to the World, or restored their diseased Judgements;

un brève homme tout à fait.

But

But he hath fallen so many Bowes short of his Reforming Intentions, that like Oyle throwne into the flame it hath begotten whole Generations of Covenanters, who will impeach the advancement of our Kingdome, more than ever *Mahomet*, and his fellow *Sergius* did obscure *Boniface*; Yet the man hath put forth great strength of Wit, his Reward doth most duely attend him, he must have some round preferment and corpulent Dignitie, that he may lead a Lordly life, and raile at ease; We must let a Beam fall upon him, by which our Highnes useth to keep desert warme, and entertain the Life of a Holy Zeal to the great Cause. Certainly he must be *Exalted*, a Master-piece of Man, composed by Heavens for a great Princes favour, and Kingdomes Love: Exact Envy cannot finde a place, to stick a blot on person or fame; We doe ordain that never-enough admired-Book, the whip and shame of Covenanters, for the Glory of his most doctorall endewments, and reverence of his loyall paines in our Service, be translated in all Tongues and Languages, that his renowne may passe from one end of Heaven to the other; for truely he hath most valiantly stood in the Gap to hold out this Schisme and Heresie from encroaching and prevailing: But the practises of these Demoniaques are without exemple, and all Language is too narrow to expresse their virulent and aculent Humour; for they have torne these reverend names of Arch-bishops, Prelates, and Presbyters, which ought to be used with Holy Ceremonie. They have lybelled, arraigned, sentenced, banished, and O I'm drunk with rage, that their Impietie might appeare in its perfect dy to all afterages, they have *Excommunicated* the Right Reverend

Sic erat in fatis,

Fathers in God, now my Episcopall Dignitie lyes panting at this Wound; Here Modestie suffers, all that's Virtuous blushes, and Trueths self like the Sunne vext with Mist, looks red with anger, Mine honour is cast off as the Olive shakes off her flowre: It is all swept away at one cast: My refined nostrills, doe smell a distracted hurrie, great things are a-working either in Heaven or Hell: Here is a State-puzzel, this execrable Impudencie hath given a damnable check to our Apostolicke Designes; It hath damped up the way of our Catholick Stratagems: And if our undaunted Power, with the helpe of our Sonnes, and Executioners, the Princes of the Earth, doe not obviat the Thunder cracks of this glorious Ostentation, and ushering storme of Trueths Triumph, it will certainly advance with a shrewd Insolencie to our own Throne, and confound the Glory of our great Name: Nay, wee may make our selves ready for perdition, lay by our Purple Roabes, let Kings and Emperours returne to their own Sacrilegious Possessions, and drink in the honour of Martyrdome with open throat, And they have placed so Propheticall a confidence in that their Covenant, as *David* did in his little stone which he sunk in *Goliahs* braines, and doe certainly beleeve (such is the strength of the spirit of Delusion) that it shall prove like *Daniels* stone, hewen out of the Mountaine without hands, which filled the Earth with the greatnes thereof: We doe not dissemble, but the fame of it hath made the whole members of our Hierarchie tremble and shiver. And if the adjacent parts to the affected places be not timely anointed with the Baulme of *Gilead*, which flowes most luxuriously (both for our service and pleasure),

pleasure) from all the Common-wealthes of *Europe*, to our Cabinet, as the Center of their Tribute: It may fortune to endanger the whole Body of the Church: for it is a most usurping poyson, mortally searching into all the Veines. Wee doe not esteeme that desperate Church of *Scotland*, Wee abhorre to waste a thought upon that losse, which Wee value no more, than the Carbuncle which *Clement* the fifth, transferring the Seat from *Avignon*, did lose by a fall from his Horse. But these our holy Children, Patrons in Piete and Sanctitie, the hope of our consolations in these Northerne Ilands, the Great Officers of our Church, ordained before time to propagate the saving Light to a Land that dwelt in darknesse, these loyall and faithfull Ministers of the Trueth, who have devoted their lyves, and neglected the World for our service; these Wee doe justly bewaile with our Apostolicke teares: It cuts our hearts, that those Holy Patriarches, should have received the Crowne of Martyrdome in so dangerous a way; for now Wee doe, as it were, stand over a Vault of Powder, where the Match lyes a-kindling below. And which is the bane of our grudgings, we begin almost to apprehend, that the busines of the Covenant shall prove a Leviathan scandall, to ly rolling & troubling the chrystall waters of other Nations devotions, & to the English especially (which was wont to be our *Puteus inexhaustus*) prove as great a stumbling blok as the altars & Idols of *Rome* are to the Jewes conversion. Here is the true mater of grief, here lies equally ingaged the life & state of our church.

These Tragedies will fill the Adversaries mouths, and blow the Lutherans cheekes till they crack againe. Now the whole libertie of our Church doth suffer, the Hope of absolute Monarchie begins to be Ecclipsed, all things move portentuously a strange way: For what ever gracious services, and worthie the fair reverences of their places, these Venerable Soules have done, yet have they nothing effectuat, but wrought out their own death, even as the blind Moall in casting his ambitious hills up, is often taken and destroyed in the midst of his advanced work. Thus while they were raising the Glory of the house of Candor, they are suddenly throwne down, and their building levelled to the dust; And that Iniquitie might ruine them with a more plentifull confusion, and waste the treasure of revenge upon their harmlesse Soules, they have excommunicat them, and delivered them up to be buried under the heap of shame, never to appear again.

Perniciosa consilia plerumque in Authores redundant.

Magni viri, & bene meriti de Republ. tandem obruuntur magnis procellis.

Yet all peace be multiplied upon their most Episcopall Soules, Wee heartily accept their unfaigned zeal, and pronounce them the welbeloved Children of the Roman Church, though they did not well know how to personat the businesse intrusted to them, and worke out the Salvation of the Cause with subtilitie and patience. And here by the power given to Us from above, as the Universall Bishop of the Catholicke Church, Wee doe absolve them from all dangers of such Impious sentences gone forth against them, wherewith they would labour to staine the face of Trueth, which they call Excommunication: And upon the contrary, as really and truely, as ever *Constantine* the great gave to *Sylvester* the Citie of *Rome*, with the Territories

They ought not to lose their Soules in his Holinesse service, though they have spoiled their fortunes.

ritories thereof, ſo in all ſincere profeſſion, fatherly and effectuall love, doe we moſt heartily beſtow a free and plenarie Indulgence, for all their Veniall and Mortall ſinnes, to their departed Soules, and ordaines them by the Authoritie of the Keyes of the Kingdome of Heaven, to be related amongſt the number of Canonized, who hath loſt their life, for the libertie of our Kingdome; And Wee doe ſolemnly appoint dayes of Commemoration to be ſet apart, wherein a *Requiem* to be chaunted in all the Cathedralls of our See to their bleſſed Soules, though the whole Arrezans of *Italie* ſhould ſerve, never had the Calendar of Saincts a more noble acceſſion; never had the Adverſaries more juſt reaſon to erect Trophees upon our Diſaſters; Let the ſpirit of diviſion, of ſhame, and confuſion, rage amongſt them unmercifully. Wee doe abſolve that Indocile People, from all oath of alledgeance, and proclaime a free libertie, to any Catholick King or Republick whatſoever, to invade that Kingdome ſecurely. That it may be *Primi occupantis*; For certainly we have as juſt reaſon to powr out the Phialls of our Indignation, and fulminate our extorted Excommunication, againſt both Prince and People, as ever *Alexander* the third our predeceſſour of holy memory had, when he excommunicat his ſtubborne Vaſſall, *Henrie* the ſecond of *England*, and brought his Royall and haughtie pride to that ebb, that he was conſtrained to receive his crown and Confirmation thereof from Us. But (Invincible Souldiours in our ſpirituall warre) though there be a deadly overthrow given to our beſt Reſolutions, Though the King of that ſcurvie Covenanting Land, like a Lyon Rampant, with a daring courage,

courage, hold out his inexorable sword for the advãce-
ment of that fatall Reformation (as they call it) though
those wanton Hereticks do now insupportably insult to
see him an arrant Covenanter, & glory more therin then
all the Gold of *India*; though now they triumph most
profanely, and think they have victoriously banished
all Novations, and barr'd out all dislikes, with the
Rampard of an everlasting Civill Sanction, and have
enthroned their Heresie by a Municipall Law to be I-
dolized for ever: And though likewayes it were al-
most as easie to blow up the whole Ile of *Brittaine* to
the Moone with a Powder Traine, as to divorce the
Princes abused soul, from those inward and malignant
Heresies which have been propagate to him from his
Uncatholicall Ancestors; though the most pregnant
Insinuations have proved almost ineffectuall; and
though the dazeling pomp of the neighbouring
Churches and Kingdomes of the World, can nothing
invite him to be mollified, and sweetned toward Us
but, like an Adder, he still stops his Eare at the voice of
the charmer; And though the Alliance with the most
Potent and Christian French King can nothing serve
to inveigle the Eyes of his Mind; Though (my dearely
beloved) all these sunest Verities discover to Us, many
and hudge mountaines of Impediments, which will be
hard to remove, let us gird up our loynes notwithstan-
ding.

Consiliariorum impetus, sæpè abripiunt bonos & moderatos Principes.

Let not Us, who are the Soul and Light of the
World, submit our selves and our Cause to the Ty-
rannie of despair: Recover our Gaine that handfull of
Heretickes, are but as a Schismatick Pawne in the play
High Impietie and Blasphemie it were against the Apo-
stolic

Catholick ſeat, to think the Splendor and honour thereof could be intereſſed & clouded by any thing from theſe parts; for though ordinarily all evil flowes from theſe turbulent Climats, and the Gothes and Vandals have ſundry times made Inundation upon our Patrimony, and moſt profanely troden under foot our Domicel, *Italy*, the Lady and Miſtris of the World, though oftentimes Emperours and Kings of the Earth, have ſhaken their Scepter upon Us, and offered to ſet bounds to our unlimited powers and deſires, yet I hope, we are as able to wynd about the ſacrilegious deſignes of Secular and Hereticall factions, as ever any of our holy Predeceſſours. *Omne malum ab Aquilone.*

Wee know perfectly how to begger Kingdomes by diſſimulation, unjoint the fair frame of peace, and traffick, poyſon alledgeance too, and the transferring of Empires, the ruines of Kingdomes, the excommunication and depoſition of Kings, and devaſtations by fire and ſword, are the ordinary marks and characters (you know) of the great Stateſmen of our Order, who doe indeed moſt canonically hold, that theſe practiſes are moſt lawful for them, conducing to the growth of the Church, & vindicating our Temporall Juriſdiction over Princes. Let us not therefore faintly give over, but ſolace our ſelves, with memory of great Policies paſt, wherewith we have chaſtiſed Emperours, Kings, and Princes, and redacted them to the Obedience of the Mother Church. What ever wee ſhall happen to loſe by battell (as *Machiavell* records of the Venetians who know all the removes of their Game) Let us labour to recover the ſame by treatie, and be ſtill labourers in the great Work; Let us aſſemble all the

powers of our soules, and combat the Cause. Hallal
bique the *Sorbone* Genius, and squize the substance
all the Common-wealthes of *Europe*, ere I finde not
Catholicon, and Soveraigne Elixar for this new spru
Poyson, which, if the pride thereof be not counte
checked, is able to deflowre the glory of our who
Church: No, no, those who will not gentlie resig
themselves, to the embracements of the ancient Ap
stolicke Trueth, which we are sent to offer and prea
to the World, as the great Pastour of the Church
must certainly be broken: And before our Miter b
not adored by all, amongst Nations, Tongues, a
People; I will first thresh the Mountaines and Islan
of the world with a fleale, I will beat them to powde
and fanne them before the wind of my wrath; I w
arme the Princes of the Earth, and cause them
over-turne them, that they never appear
more than the Monasteries which
are sunk about *Venice*.

Epitaph on the Scotts Bishops.

IT Was said of old, the Divell could not die,
But wee doe sweetly find, they spake a lie:
For here lyes fourteene by a mortall blow,
Are not the cuzening Rogues now brought full low?
Catholick Bells, ring forth their sacred knell,
Bid Popes goe celebrate their Funerall.

Alind.

The Worlds wonder,
Englands Terrour,
Scotlands Horrour,
Lyes here under.

Aliud.

BB. *Charon* have ov'r, the Ghostlie Fathers come
To thy torne Boat, and their eternall Home.
Ch. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell? BB. It's wee
Prime Statesmen of the Roman Prelacie;
Bring not thy scurvie Barge which looks so thin
As any Cloud, as old as Sunne, and Moone,
Ch. Di'lles in these Prelates pride, they'ave left the Earth
Into a fair combustion, after death
They're come the very Hells for to confound,
And our Infernall Common-wealth to wound.
Enter right Reverend, many Catholick Kings,
Popes, Monarchs, which this nimble Vessell brings
Each hour, into these fatall Mansions, doe
Embarque without a scruple: what are you?
Come, good my Lords, you must be rul'd by me,
You had your Time, now take your Destinie.
Though your big-bellies could engrosse a Coach,
Yet if your soules sink, I'll byde your reproach.

To the Author of this Second most flowing, and prayſe-worthie Speech.

I Thought dear Friend, that firſt Eſſay of thine,
Which thou to me ſo kindlie didſt propine,
Should prove the period of thy precious Pen,
And pauſe, to which thou could not reach again.

But now, thrice noble Spark, by proofe I find
This Second Birth, the Modell of thy Mind
Like to a clear Spring powring forth his drills,
Which ſweetly glyding through two neighbour hills,
With fertile Motions Meadows overflow
Till they turne ſtreames, and ſtreames to Rivers grow.

So that tranſcending inexhauſted vein,
From forth the Treaſure of a fertile brain
Diſtills ſuch Nectars of renewed ſtore,
Are ſweeter now, though ſweeteſt of before.
And ſo no doubt, theſe Rivulets ſo cleare,
Shall of full growth fair Rivers once appeare.

M. D. Prymroſe. J. G.

To the Author of this Second most
flowing, and prayse-worthie Speech.

I Thought dear Friend, that first Essay of thine,
Which thou to me so kindlie didst propine,
Should prove the period of thy precious Pen,
And pause, to which thou could not reach again.

But now, thrice noble Sparis, by proofe I find
This Second Birth, the Modell of thy Mind
Like to a clear Spring powring forth his drills,
Which sweetly glyding through two neighbour hills,
With fertile Motions Meadows overflow
Till they turne streames, and streames to Rivers grow.

So that transcending inexhausted vein,
From forth the Treasure of a fertile brain
Distills such Nectars of renewed store,
Are sweeter now, though sweetest of before.
And so no doubt, these Rivulets so cleare,
Shall of full growth fair Rivers once appeare.

M. D. Prymrose. J. G.

AN ANSWER TO HIS HOLINESSE Remonſtrance:

BY

Cardinall Di *Vranio* in name of the reſt of the Romane Clergie, in the *Conſiſtorie at* ROME.

MOST HOLY FATHER, to whom wee convert our humbleſt duties and ſacrifices of our devoteſt thoughts, Great Monarch of the Church, to whoſe Glory doe all our Actions bend as the laſt ſcope of their advantage. We doe moſt paſſionately condole the juſt anguiſh of your afflicted heart, certainly our Imaginations are ſo ſtrongly ſeazed, by the Trepidations of theſe turbulent times, that wee have almoſt reſigned the whole powers of our Soul to fear and wonder; Our tongues are captived, and chayned up without a ſound. Wee can bear record, that your Holineſſe, like Heavens glorious Luminary, hath bountifully diffuſed the warme beames of Furtie, through the whole Church Catholick, & every place thereof You have not onely gilded the tops of the Mountains and made the tall Cedars of Lebanon to laugh, ſwel-

ling

ling them with the graces of your nurſing favours, but hath likewayes daigned to viſit the humble Valleies, and made the Marjoline, and Myrrhe finde the benignitie of your favourable aſpect, and the Influence of your Apoſtolick entertainments. Thus like the Soveraigne Good, who delights to communicate his all-embracing ſweetnes, you would extend the skirts of your favour upon the moſt neglected parts of the World, even that fatall Kingdome of *Scotland* buried in darknes and Ignorance, We that are the Cabinet and Depoſitarie of your ſecret workings in the Myſterie of your Epiſcopizing, doe well know how you have been (as it were) hotly courting that ſilly People, and with what a fatherly zeale you have wooed that rebellious and gainſaying Nation, which hath anſwered the hopes of your long-wiſhed Joy, with the high Anatheme of a cruell Covenant, and a furious Combination never to be diſſolv'd againſt your Holines, the great Officer of the Church, Chriſts Vicegerent on Earth, and all the Maintainers of the Articles and Ceremonies of the Romane faith. We wiſh our heads were waters, and our Eyes fountains of Teares, to weep for the calamities of our Mother, the feares of Hereſies encreaſe, and all our diſaſtrous diſappointments, which your Holines out of the plenitude of your wiſdome, and ſpirit of ſagacitie, hath moſt divinely laid open to our wearie ſoules. Wee are fallen into the ends of the world, and perſecution must come for the Elects ſake. Now the wicked and Heretick doe hold the Church by the throat, and now we muſt move every Oare, ſtraine all aſſiſtances, ſollicite all our devoted Crownes, and ſend forth the Kings of

the Earth like victorious *Hercules*, to destroy the pullulating heads of this terrible and Heretical Serpent, and to suppresse that all-spreading Covenant of *Scotland*, the most horrible Invention, and usurping Monster, that ever Hell hatched. It hath appeared like a blazing Comet in the North (with themselves may the event dwel of the portentuous presage) and hath in many, who were otherwayes in a pretty aptitude, and naturlie to be good Catholicks, stirr'd the spirit of curiositie, which may marre Implicite Obedience, the subversion of which Article, will make the whole frame of our Mysterie to crack. A dangerous Perspective for Laicks to look in to our Consistorie *Per Madonna santissima di Loretta*. When we fall upon the busines of that Northerne League, and the Ensigne of the Covenant displayed, we lose our selves, and cannot plumb this deep. It hath affrighted us like a lightning, made all the Christian Kings start up on their feet with an, What is it? It is surely a Thunderbolt, broke upon the very Head of S. *Peters*, and proudly entering, hath over-turned the Altars, throwne downe the Images, dismantled the Beauty of the Church, astonished the whole Ligators of our Mosaick Works, and profaned the wholeglory of the Temple. A speare it is, which thrust thurow the bowels of State Catholick, hath dared the very heart of Spirituall Monarchie. Your Holines, whose Vigilant Ey, doth most laboriously survey the conditions of Times and States, and with a fatherly care watch over the Crownes and Sceptors of Nations, hath in truth and strength of Passion, most Episcopally discovered the Monster begotten by the nimblest witted divell, mustt upon these

Qui malè facit, odit lucem.

Northerne desarts, and destinat to measure the world with his quaint paces, Wee doe feare that by the sting and taile of a Scorpion, it shall nail the tender Church thorow with shame & torment. Let us provide it call novenome beyond Seas, for then shall it mount over the Alpes, and with his poysonable attempts, presume to assault your Holines owne Domesticks: Neither shall the proud Pirennees keep it from thrusting in to *Spaine*, the most intemerate and immaculate place of the Church bodie; It will mock the spectacled Fathers of Inquisition, and creepe there invisiblie like *Fratres Roseæ Crucis*. And no *Index Expurgatorius* (which like the Purgatorie fire, wee have ever with most Catholicall Lenitie used, either for mollifying or eradicating other Monsters) will serve to correct or banish this one. Truely, those diseased Prelates (Holy Father) have spunne us no fair threed, nor have they proven grand Sophies, when by the Conquest of that poore Kingdome (which would never make any considerable accession to your Revenues but was like the drop to the Bucket,) and promoving immature Novations, they have occasioned too innocently the losse of our Game, and endangered the Mysters reputation.

If these perturbations doe once come to a deep working, and begin to extend their profane Petulancie, Wee fear, your Holines, whose all adored Myter made Prostrate Crownes to tremble, and Sceptres shake, may be glad to be sheltered in S. *Angelus* Castell, or runne to the hornes of the Altar; And we the Suines of Harmonie, who are the Carbuncles which adde splendour to your Spirituall Crown, must

betake our selves to the favour of Times and Fortunes, and leave our goodly Dignities, with the fat of their corpulent affluence, to the devotion of sacrilegious Souldiours. Nay certainly, if this swelling Combustion doe but offer to staine the serenitie of our Heavens with any smoake, and stifle our Puritie, wee are all confounded, wee are all blown up, and the Kings of the Earth, the Powers of the World, and every Soule of Man, even the begging Capuchine, who can glory of nothing but his Venerable Beard, his Chapplet, and horne Breviarie, shall regard your Holines no more, shall give you no more bended knees, nor sacrifices of Reall, and Spirituall Tribute, than to the Man of the Moone. And you know, most Catholick Monarch of BB's, if those golden floods, which doe most proudly play upon the Philosophall stones of your Vatican, be once withdrawne and call'd back to their Tributary Sources (to which you have as undoubted and irredeemable a right, as to those very omnipotent Keyes, which you carry, and to the Monopolie of all Benefices, which you have happily engrossed to your most Archiepiscopall person) We cannot but faint, who are fed by the refreshments of those streames. Our Cardinall Caps, bestowed upon us by your Holines as Garlands of our Honour, and Eminentie, must needs wither and fall away, and remove the Suttes beames, where shall his glory be? If wee, as so many Earth-treading Starres, who adorne the sky of your State, be stript of our Beautie, if wee shutt and fall, in what *Primum Mobile* shall your Sanctitie shyne? Wee are set about the Seat of your Majestie, as Summers speckled flowrie Garment, and if wee be blasted by the In-

By the right of succession, and the Salique Law.

juries of tempestuous times, what shall embellish your Holines? These are heavy trueths: but under the Rose be it spoke *Santissimo Padre*, some blowes wee have received, more are feared: Heavens and Earth doe know, and all Courts, all Churches are filled with the fortune, or misfortune of the Great businesse; That abortive Service book, and those Canons, have shamefully disobliged the Church Catholick, and with their roaring, have awaked and disturbed all Christendome, and turned their sulphurious throats against their Makers. There are certainly some ungracious uncatholicall Planets rageing, who have powred forth the malignitie of their venomous Influence upon your reforming and Fatherly Undertakings: the Heavens distill their sterner frownes, and threaten us with their baddest Aspects. Wee were ready to teare the clouds with Bells ringing, and Priests singing, and thought the smoak of our Bonfires should shortly ascend to Heaven, and staine the Sunnes face: But holy Father, It's no time for quaint speaking, wee ought not dissemble nor use Indulgence to our wound. Let us mitigate and rectifie our woes as cunningly and quietly as wee may, the spate of disastrous calamities hath almost drowned our fair Hopes in despair. A cold fear sits black on each of our Hearts; Wee have not beene well-inward with the Minde of Destinie in the busines of these Northerne Negotiations. It seems we have not beene sufficiently assisted, but deserted in this particular; Consult the Prophecies, Set your Astrologians a-work; may be you finde, (but Heavens blisse the Church Catholicke, and avert) that some of these Northerne Princes have Ca-

Uno dato absurdo, multa sequuntur.

Tout bellement Messieurs.

pricornum ascendentem in Horoscopo, which is, and hath ever been the most fatall and malevolent signe to the Roman Empire in all the Zodiaque: And for the trueth heereof, Wee call the Times never to be forgotten, and Histories of all Ages, to witnesse from thence indeed doe the first cloudes appeare: And, as in your Holinesse Remonstrance was piouslie observed, All Propagations of Empyres, all Irruptions and Effusions of People, are ever found to have beene from the North, to the South. If this bee the Inclination of our averse Spheares thus unkyndlie to use Us: If this bee the purpose of him who beholdes the Endes of the World, to present this Cuppe to the Romane Prelacie, and put our Spirituall Kingdome, which wee beleeve shall prosper so long as the Heavens cover the Earth, thus in Jeopardie: Certainely those Uncircumcised Lyons, will teare Us to pieces, and make Banners of Our Catholicke Skinnes, and scratch your Myter, (whose shaddow was reverenced by Princes of the Earth) to very contemptible and forgotten Atomes, and powder your Supreame selfe in *Luthers* Barrell: They will sacke Your City, the Queene of the Earth, treade upon the Worlds Trophees, and fill the Holiest place wit Abomination of Desolation.

Imp. Carolus 5. Frans. Rex Galliæ Carolus Corbonius. Cosmus Med. Florentiæ Dux.

Assyrij vicerunt Chaldæos. Assyrios Medi: Græci Persas: Romani Panos: Goth: Romanos: Turcæ fregerunt Arabes: Tartari Turcas: Angli Gallos: Scoti Anglos.

Where ever we send forth our enquiring Eyes, they report nothing from all the corners of the World, but sad entertainments of these feares, and appearances of mutations from that Kingdome of *Scotland*, (which is now most desperately diseased of aswelling

tympanie or some Pluresie, incurable but by the voiding of that prevayling blood which over-rules or offends the Head, and chokes the Heart,) As the source of our reproach, the fountaine of our shame, doe we deryve the streames of our injuries and calamities, and to those all-despised Heretickes likewayes doe wee justly impute the advancements of the same. Your Holines ever sollicit to gain that which is lost, had emitted your faithfull labourers, and planted a Vine, which for the time was very luxuriant, and did proudly spring, like *Jonas* Gourd, but alas, that unexpected poysonable worme of the Covenant, hath encroached upon the Heart thereof, and vowed to sucke out the very soule of it.

The Service book, which produced most soverain, and generous grapes

Eheu quam levibus pereunt ingentia causis.

Nay, this worme is like to be metamorphosed in a flying Dragon, and infest the whole Christian world. Your Holines did mercifully elance a saving Beame upon that Cymmerian Land, which was kyndlie welcomed by those who had submitted themselves to be doctrinate by our fomenting suggestions, and it did most effectually animat them to great performances. Wee were made hopefull to see the day break soone gloriously, for the Cocks fell a crowing, which told us the nights departure; yet have they maliciously closed their Eyes, rejected the Lights comfort, and most bitterly banished those faithfull Evangelists, nay with a more perfect hatred and meritorious violence than ever *Loyala's* Tribe was turned out from among the strait-lac't Venetians; And now they think (reprobat soules) that they have reproachfully mounted them as it were on the Asses of Indignitie, and sent them

Their Eyes were anointed with omnipotent Baulme.

Light is sowen for the righteous.

them to the land of *Nod* with an *Ecce la fico*, Yet nothing so, but the pale Horse of a Civill, and Temporall death at worst; upon which, Triumphing Martyrs, they have entred Paradise, and necessary it was, blessed Father, that they should be removed from the Contagions, and conversation of the wicked, that when the deserved devastations and devourings shall break forth in the fulnesse of their rage, they might laugh at their persecutors in the day of their destruction: Thus was the good *Josias* called to his eternall home before Babylons captivitie: And the most Catholick Bishop S. *Augustines* death, like a gentle starres fall, did fore-run and point out the subversion of the city of *Bone*. Those are the Rampards of the Church, which must be taken down, that the Inundation of desolation may burst in and swallow the Trophees of insulting Heresie. For even as the sagacious Swallow, doth retire her yong ones, before the approaching fall of the crasie Vault? So are the blessed soules, Heavens Mignons promiscuouslie confounded with the tumultuous Heretickes, singled by, and lift above the reach of danger, before the publick ruines. All these Impieties and Oppressions have no more harmed, than if a man out of his fury and anger would think to afflict and drown the harmelesse captived fish by throwing it in a river; For wee are bold to perswade in the courage of victorious spirituall Souldiours, that all these sentences, Excommunications, Extrusions, and other furies, whereby sacrilegious Blasphemie hath exerced the height of Tyrannie against Truths Heraulds, shall prove in end like *Samsons* Lyon, Out of the strong shall come sweet, Their Righteousnes shall spread as the morning, and

their

their Glory shall bee terrible as an Armie with Ba-
ners: though they now sleep, yet it is not to the deat
Indeed fortune, for all this, hath dealt Us a very ba
Game at this Tour, but yet a little, and the Cardes sh
be shiffled; they have refused our saving and Catholic
curtesies, and kickt againe, they have affrighted U
with Lightnings; But may bee, we shall crush tho
Terrestriall Heads with Thunder, and blow awa
their Designes as chaff before the winde; And thoug
the Lutherans and our Adversaries doe fatten them-
selves with their insultings over Us, and think we hav
so deeply tasted the bitternes of that last Overthro
which our Catholicke friends, your Holines nimbl
Executioners, and those likewayes of your Holin
owne Familie did lately suffer by Sea, in advancein
your Evangelicall Intentions; and though they stic
not to flatter their abused Soules, with this confidenc
that now there are no more *Constantines* to bee foun
who dare hold up the banner of the Crosse, nor an
to march under the same, yet must wee be espoused t
new resolutions of recovery, and let the triumphi
snakes duely find that our Armes are not shortned, o
Wings are not clipt, and that neither are the Kin
domes subjected to our two all-commanding swor
exhaust of the true Faiths defenders, Nor *India*, an
Peru yet pompt of Red and white Earth, which sh
produce Us children to maintaine Trueths Garlan
even in the midst of our Enemies; for our Chimists a
excellent Operators, and can extract the Soveraig
Baulme, and very effectually apply it to the suspe
places, which being cunningly adhibite with the co
currence of your Apostolick Benedictions and Enco

The Spaniards and Italians.

rage

ragements wee have ſeene have ſuch a powerfull Operation, that it hath never ceaſed till awaking an Inteſtine diſcord, at length it hath caſt out all redundant and noxious humours, and expelled the root of the diſeaſe. And as to that little ſniffle which our Apoſtolick Navy hath received, partly by the Indiſcretion of the Sea, and uncurteſie of the Windes, (for 'mongſt theſe Hugenotes, the very aire and water are Puritans) and partly by the neglect and conneivance of Princes; Be it knowne we have already digeſt that little tickling Pill of misfortune, as clearely as wee have eccliplſed the memorie of the Creſcent in the 88.

The Armado which came diſplayed in forme of the Moone Creſcent.

But here wee ſpare to ſtreach our ſelves on theſe regrates, your Epiſcopall providence will ſmell the ſtorme afarre, looke to the prevailing thereof, and find out the moſt powerfull meanes to elude the dangers of theſe tumbling times, that the afflicted Church, as the Lilly among Thornes, may look ſweet and glorious as the Moone in her full pride: Yet by the preſumptions of Times, one thing ſeemes to be ſure, if wee might ſee Fates book, The Senate-houſe of Planets hath at no time beene more unfriendly ſet for the acting of ſome ſtrange Trage-comedie in *Europe*.

Which makes Us call to minde the pernicious propheſies of thoſe Unchriſtian Dames, thoſe *Sybilles*, who like Phanatick *Syrens* have intoxicate the world, and ſo ſtrongly poſſeſt the ſoules of thoſe who are converſant with curioſitie, that many good Catholicks, and of high endowments, poyſoned with their Greek Muſick, doe entertaine ſecret opinions and feares of a very fatall period, ordained for our ſpirituall Kingdome; for in thoſe their profane Invectives,

and hell-Blowne Satyrs, wherewith they have persecuted your Holinesse Throne (as the spirit of delusion doth cheat the worlds beliefe) and your Seat, this Citie likewayes, (which lookes like the Moone amongst the lesser Starres) though she be stellified to Heaven, yet those unpure Spirits, with their usurping uncatholicall pens, have presumed to lay her horne in the dust; And they have presented the Map of after-times (to those who will Idolize their Oracles) so farre to the disadvantage and shame of your Holines high Calling, that all the resplendent Rayes of our dazeling pomp, wherewith we have obfuscat, even at a great distance, the rest of Nations, must be drowned forsooth in the smoak of an utter ruine and endlesse confusion, Your Holines purple, and our scarlet Roabs wherewith we darkned the Eyes of beholders, and enamoured the admiring stranger, by a profane and Poeticall fury they have turned over our heads, and rejoyce to have our nakednesse displayd to the world. Surely a strange Enthusiasme in these Feminine Braines; yet these Times may fortune to renew the Idea's which those Chimeriek Impressions have given to the more facile soules, who are easily carried about with every winde of Belief: for now there is a great unconstancy & certain kind of Branktings in many parts, even amongst the Sons of your Instistitutions, Heires of your unmeasured Designes, expectants of the Blessed Chair, and those on whom *Ignatius* & *Matchiavell*, the two Genius of the Myter, had powred a double measure of their Sprits.

In the second book of the Oracles of *Sybilla*, at this part —— *hominum tum denique seclum, Existet decimum.*

Spirituall and Temporall Counsellours.

Every alteration in States, even to the better, your Holines knowes, is dangerous: And whether the newes of this great Change, of a Patriarch to be set up

in *France*, have arryved at your Holines Ghostlie Eares, or not, wee are ignorant. You may descend to view what face the purpose hath, and try the pedegree from whom it came, and whether it goes. Out of the profunditie of your Infallible judgement, your Holines can obviat the impertinencie of any Event, and devance the consequence of this springing. You best know, what conduceth both to the Glory, Grouth, & Indemnitie of the Church, and for the Honour & Majestie of your owne Throne. But truely, Wee the Fathers of the Conclave, doe think it to be a very strange Boutade, and a labouring designe Pregnant with many monstrious productions; And that his vehement and Polypragmatick spirit, through the insolencie and indulgence of a swelling fortune, cannot rest, but making eruption beyond the limits of his Vocation, with an inordinate appetite of Glory, shall aspire to the top of the Pyramide. Such exorbitant humors are most apt to confound the order of Geometrick Proportion, and being voyde of a Politique Mansuetude, indocile of blind Obedience, Lovers of Mutations, are most fertile of Emulations, and Civill Warres, and oftentimes involve all in a dolefull conflagration. This (as many other Emergencies of these Times) seemes to be the beginning of a deviation, which cannot end but in Apostasie, especially among that Nation, which doth ever please it selfe in changes: Could not (holy Father) all the Crownes in *France* serve, to stay his vast Ambition, unlesse he had something above his Cardinalls Coronet likewayes? Presse into the inner Cabinet of these Designes, there your Holines may well find, which cannot be consistent with your Myter.

For though your Holines hath now obſcured t
brightnes of the Patriarches of the Eaſt, and hath e
cted your Apoſtolick Creſt to that unparalled hei
of Preeminencie, from whence you doe ſtately ov
look them, and all other Churches, even as the Mo
taines of *Ararat* whereupon the Ark reſted, lifted
their welcome, and triumphing tops, above the
creaſing waters, yet the appearing of this Patriarc
as of a new unknown Starre, may beget a deſire in t
Laicks, to ſtudy the motion of our Heavens too offic
ouſlie, and ſo run the hazard of revolting Hereſies,
their Supererogatory contemplations. For your H
lines cannot forget to remember, that howbeit, by t
Florentine and Laterane Councells it was unanimou
and Canonically concluded, that the four Patriarch
of *Conſtantinople*, *Antiochia*, *Alexandria*, and *Jeru*
lem ſhould receive their mantle, the ſigne of plenit
of their Pontificiall dignitie from your Holy han
and after the order of the aſſigned precedencie, tend
the Oath of Alledgeance to the Romane Prelat,
whoſe appearance in his fulleſt Grace, they muſt p
up their beames and diſappeare; yet they have alwa
had Proteſtations of Reluctancie, and rebound to t
title of their Patriarchall Dignity; holding them
ſelves iſo-Presbyters, compoſed of that ſame ſtu
whereof Popes are ſaid to be made, and can hardly
induced to humble themſelves to the dependance
a derivation, or reſtrayned from tranſcending t
Categorie of Subordination: Nay certainly,
doth relliſh too much of an Exemption from t
Romane Sea and ſtudy of Monarchie: We ſhou
not have wondred ſo profuſely to have ſeene ſuc

Hierarchicall Ambition, point out his presumptu-
ous head, in the remoter parts of *Brittaine*, and
Ireland, being so farre distant from the influence
of your Pacifick Scepter, the advancements being
here but very greene as yet) not attained their
flourishing lustre. For even as the Windes and
Raines doe exerce a mutuall rage, shooting forth
their luxuries in the lower parts of the Aire, where
they raigne in their turbulent Kingdome, but in the
higher Regions thereof, nigh to the Fires Orbe,
and approaching the Sunne, no motion, no agita-
tion, but a gentle calme doth continually dwell;
so certainly in those forgotten and barbarous pla-
ces, not apt for the Spirit of Obedience, the true
Author of peace; No wonder there be commotion
and scandals: But in *France* the very Myters Eye
to build Altars of offence, it may beget a storme,
which will force Us pull down our Sailes, if wee
escape shipwracke: And if the Pagan Souldiours,
made scruple to use Christs Reverend Roab so rudely,
to teare the same, how deservedly ought they to be
disargued, who prepare the rending of his sacred Bo-
dy, the Church with their ambitiously swelled zeal.
The crying necessities of these Times which look
so sullen, and the Exigencies of the affronted
Church, if there be pitty amongst Us, and Holy zeale
to vindicate her credite, would wring from Us poy-
son to kill all the Policies of *Europe*. Yet (Holy Fa-
ther) though the powers of Heresie should combine &
concentrat their malice, though the frame of the Uni-
verse should be disjointed, we have a never-failing pro-
mise, that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us.

Heavens great Substitute, Absolute Father of the Church, if ever power did shew a Masterie in you, let it now appeare, and make the redacted World stand amazed.

O nimium dilecte Deo cui militat æther,
Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt ——
Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

There's Elixar of braine and spirit amongst Us; and the God of Riches lyes imprisoned in our Cabines and Monasteries. Let Us doe any thing to rule alone, though it be very rare to see the World ruled by one. The most proud and obstinate Resistances are aloft, and now-a-dayes Womens soft soules are wrought up to a Masculine malice and Resolution, for persecuting Trueth, and hugging Errour: Therefore make your wrath likewayes to swell, Extend your mighty Armes, call up the Princes of the Earth, let the sounds of your Alarum be heard from one end of Heaven to the other, and straight behold the Kings & Potentats like Children of Obedience shall forsake their Palaces out of a filiall submission, and leave their stately Magnificence to be possest of solitude, inhabited by Bats and Owles, and entrust their darrest Queenes to the benevolence of Church men, and Eunuches; Then will they muster their forces, employ their Sceptres, and straine all the Nerves of their Kingdome for the well of the Cause Catholicke.

Ecclesiastæ volunt esse Monarchæ.

Let it alwayes be the chiefest of our cares, the first of our desires, to hold up warre immortall, ever to trouble the calme of Peace, to shut up the Seas, to disable, to disjoyne, to inspire our Emissaries, and Incendiaries

Flectere si nequeunt superos, Acheronta movebunt.

diaries, with the spirits of dissimulation and division, to infold all State Policies in confusion, to choake all, to inflame all with a most Catholick combustion: for certainly some cruelties are better and more necessary, than silly improfitable Myldnesse, which like a cold and barren qualitie, can never mature the Churches Growth. No, no, the bragging of Cannons, the dawbing of Drummes are good Catholick Musick, by which our Apostolick expeditions use to advance the Spirituall Kingdome, and goe in Procession through the world; Our Motions must be restlesse and busie, like that of the Heavens, every one bestirring himself in his owne Spheare. And your Holines with most grave, and venerable alacritie will give the strong impulse. Wee in the Consistorie, and those ministring and subtle spirits of that rich seed-plot of *Sorbone*, shall coine such riddles, and shall so inveagle the Heretick soules and Churches, that Kings shall find themselves enough puzled from this holy Citadell, this impregnable Capitoll, our Spirituall Ingynets, who are most Canonically bred, and authentically practised, shall throw such fierie Bals among Nations & People, as those that dare oppone Trueths Candor, shall bee out in a terrible damp.

Goe to (Holy Father) move strongly with a most Archierarchicall courage, and in a high-swell'd Metropolitan confidence, blow down the strong holds of Errour; Remove the Iles out of the Sea, and shake the Mountains that stand up so Heretically against the promised, the prophesied Reformations to the Faith Catholick; Never unbend your Infallible Bow; till you have hit the conquered mark of your most Evangelick

Braying

From the Conclave.

gelick Intentions, Our adversaries must not erect
Trophees of their ambition upon the Ruines of
reproaches, Wee will first fetch the compasse of
world, and conglomerat our undaunted forces, li
destroying and inexorable tempest, to sweep a
Trueths Enemies. All our Convents shall first be
ned in Fence schooles, before the Great Cause be
graced, Wee will defend mainly, engage our very C
cifixes, and Hypothecat our Cardinalls Caps bef
the Myters honour be any whit touched.

But now because many Incumbencies advertise
to dissolve, and some strange Embassadors attend y
Holines from whose bosome they come to receive
postolick Directions, to lead them as a Star in the
to the hill of Greatnes, where the Laurells of triu
doe condignely attend them, Wee forbeare to p
sume on this Times importance, onely daring rep
sent to your Holines, how necessary it is to emp
pens, policies, and power, and to rack all our migh
advancing our holy Intentions, & breaking the clo
of Errour and Heresie, which are like to over spr
the whole world, Consider how the crying nece
ties of our bleeding Primitive Mother doe implore
same: In the mean time (till your Holines have m
precious leasure to bestow upon furder Catholick
solutions) let there be a grand Apostolick *Nuncio*
patched upon the wings of speed to the Ile of *Britt*
(if there be any curtesie to receive him there worth
Even strongly assisted with the spirit of trueth, wh
your Holines Predecessors did usually send to the
dentine Councell for the actuating of those infall
members, and extirping of Heresie, Instruct him de

lie how to proclaime to the world, and write it on the Sky with Letters of gold never to be forgotten, and print it in the Recordes of Histories to all after-ages, that though Religion be the common pretence of discontent amongst these untamed Hereticks, wherewith they use to maske their unbridled licence, their affronted boldnes, their high contempt of Soveraignie, and dare commit any Impiety, guilded with the lustre of Sanctitie: Yet nothing is so strongly desired, nothing so truely intended by them, abhorring the order of subjection, than to shake off the yoke of Monarchie, and break the Cordes of Spirituall and Temporall Jurisdiction, with the swing of their desperate frenzie.

Well blown Seignior.

It will not be inexpedient likewayes to cause some others, who are enriched with the strength of more subtle abilities, and doe cunningly know how to creep into the mindes and Cabines of Princes, and take dominion there, be sent forth with all convenience, for subverting the Machinations of these Matchiavilian Calvinists, Let Authoritie, Lords of Power, and Masters of Time be taught (for Clemencie is the nurse of Rebellion:) how to presse them down with weight, though the conspiring Crew that breathes nothing but fire, and vomits blasphemie, who hath consecrate their Estates, and espoused their neglected lives to the lust of Revolting, should cry out violence, and rigour, and crueltie, and tyrannie, and craft, and malice; for those things have beene the Soveraigne and effectuall wayes of our enlargeings, and it is the mysterie of greatnesse to hold the Inferiors still ignorant of it, and strike like Lightning and Thunder.

Moreover, Because the seditious furie of unruly

multitude (even as a tumbling flood acquyr
strength to it self by moving, carries all it meets bef
it in a precipice) doth wax to such a prevailing stren
as none can hold out against the bitternes of the te
pest: Therefore let us worke wisely, and as men use
disappoint the over-flowings of undaunted Rivers,
branching them in little weak Rivulets, thus to ex
nuat the impetuositie of the main streame, by diverti
the fulnesse of indocile waters, and turning them asi
So must wee (in a degree more than becomes Supe
macie to stoope) flatter a while, and nourish the hope
and entertain the desires of Conspyrers, distract t
minders of the multitude, weaken them by the brea
of Union, and delude them most egregiously; for
long as those Conventions rule, whereby the cons
of the abused People receives most poysonable A
ment, and they become fortified in their Errour, th
each provokes another, even as the Billowes of the
raged Sea are driven forward by their urgeing and i
portune fellowes.

Therefore must it bee amongst the first of the A
ticles of your Attourneyes Instructions, exceedin
to labour this point, that those their great Counce
infallible Assemblies, and unwarranted Synagogu
of Hypocrites, be most divinely impeded; for tho
confluences of demure divels, have ever given Us t
greatest dash, and been the very bane of our agonies.

Well remembred.

We hope withall, your Holines out of the bowe
of Pittie, cannot forget the miserable Prelates, yo
faithfull Labourers. It is indeed their fortu
(through too eager and unadvised zeal, to the glory
raising Altars to your Holinesse purposes, in that la
whe

where they lived) and not their faulte, that thus they are left in the wildernes of Times and Povertie, make them taste therfore of the sweetnesse of your Remembrances; for it were high indignitie to your Holinesse, the Prince of Bishops, to let those silly Soules engage their Surplis, and Service-bookes, for the maintenance of their laborious lyves.

Amongst all other Expediencies, heere is one likewayes which cryes extreamely, that since we had very justly anchored our best Expectations upon the Northerns Cities of that rigide and infortunate Iland of *Scotland*, where inded the Religion pretended was never perfectly welcomed, and that by our last intelligence we have learned they have likewayes joyned hand with Impietie, and divorceing themselves from the loyaltie of the great work, have entered the dance with the rest of the giddie Hereticks, neglecting our Recentments of most Catholick Services done, and our encouragements to persevere, that yet notwithstanding there might be some zealous Invention and spirituall stratagem found how to regaine them, and to redeeme them from that deserved perdition which followes Heresie.

The City of *Aberdene* honoured by embracing the Covenant.

And as to the Parliamentary Stage-men, who doe now personat so bravely, we hope before they come to the last Act of the Play, where they trust to bring in your Holines as a mitred Boufon, if there be any foule amongst us, we shal do our best to make their dalliance Epilogue in a Tragedie, and over-turne the Stage upon the Actors.

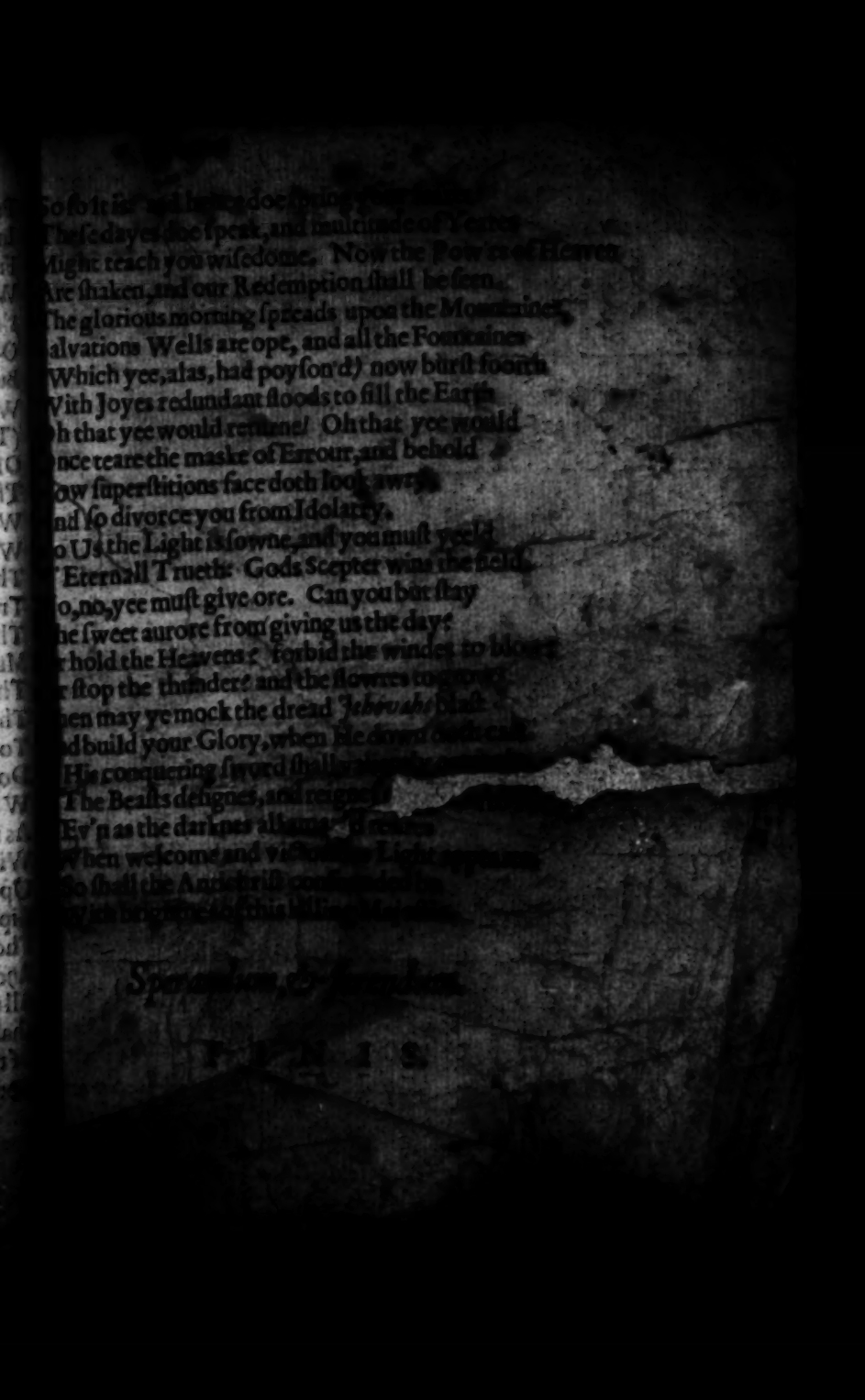
The Lords of the Parliament.

FINIS.

THus spoke the monstruous Beast, whose voice is thund
Whose Poyson's Mysterie, whose wayes are Wonder
Thus *Babels* Statesmen, and the purple train
Did blow their fierie zeal, and did complain,
Giving their Lawes to times and destinies,
Subjecting Heav'ns will to their policies:
But He that dwells betwixt the Cherubins
Doth look, and laugh, and mock their hid designes:
Dear *Israels* Watch-man, and the King of Kings,
From whose fierce mouth an angrie sniter springs,
Shall incontrolled come in flaming Ire,
Arm'd with just Plagues, and powring floods of fire:
He knowes his Church is torne, He sees her woe,
He knowes her griefes are full, Her teares ore-flow:
Her renting cryes have wounde, Great *Judahs* Lyon,
Her heavie moanes have mov'd the Lambe of Sion.
Great treasures of Revenge He hath in store,
To waste upon his foes, who 'las so sore
Have bruis'd Her with a cruell Iron Rod,
And thrust Her through, and on Her Glory trod.
Vengeance descends from Heav'n, Shee doth display
Her angrie fury; No, shee cannot stay,
Sh'hath brimm'd her Vialls full of bittrest wrath,
That e're annoyed the afflicted Earth:
Loe Justice bowes the Heav'ns, and sweetly daignes
T'espouse her cause, and heare what shee complaines,
That Incense smoak, which from the Saints doth rise
Hath mounted up, and entered through the skyes.
And now the painted Monster, who did ride
Upon the Temples Pinacle, and guide
Abus'd Republicks Reins, shee before whom
The People of the Earth did gladly come

Prostra

Proſtrate to pay their Worſhip, muſt be throwne
Into the ſea, Great Shee muſt be caſt down
From that reſplendent Thrones inſulting glory
Which was the pride of times, and the worlds ſtorie.
Shee's drunk with laughter, and did tyrannize
O're all the parts where *Phebus* caſts his Rayes.
But now the fatall period comes, and thoſe
Who *by the living Gods ſeal* doe rejoyce:
(The *Glorious Cov'nant*, which diſtills a ſhowre
Of Valiant Champions, girt with Heavenly powr)
The ſons of wonder, loe they come, they come
With threatning Banners to the walls of *Rome:*
With Crownes upon their heads, Palmes in their hands,
They'll ſhake the ſeven Hills where proud *Babel* ſtands.
Tremble, O tremble, Queen of Nations, Now
Thy walls, which did diſdaine to ſtoop, and bow,
Muſt humbled be at Gods Great Covenants call,
Thy Crown is with'red, now thy garlands fall:
Thy ſtately towres which did inſulting riſe
To over-look the Earth, and threat the skyes,
Doe quake, and hide their paliie heads for feare,
When this triumphing ſplendor doth appeare.
As thou haſt made all Nations to be drunk
With thy debauches, ſo thou ſhall be ſunk.
Upon the wings of ſpeed thy Ruine flies,
Ripe are thy woes, ready thy miſeries:
Thou'lt bid the Alps and Apennines fall on thee,
And keep thee from the ills that ruſh upon thee.
All thy inveagling Rayes, like clouds of Errour,
Shall drowned be with lightnings and with terrour
Of that prevailing Beautie, whoſe Sun-like face,
Doth all the world inflame, and ſweetly chace

Diſloyall

Disloyall thoughts, this warmes, and doth allure
Our chast desires unto a love more pure.
The Cardinals and the Roman Clergie.
Ah cruell Counsellours and inhumane,
Yee paint the clouds, yee doe combine in vain,
Yee blow but at the Sun, while yee presume
In vain to vex the trueth, your soules consume.
O spare th'afflicted Lillie, O forbeare
Your cruell pungent thorns, which doe the faire
And Heav'n-blowne flowre of *Jesse* wound: No pittie
Upon the harmlesse Dove, so sweet, so prettie?
Great He that holds the Times, and the Worlds end,
Doth heare your Blasphemies, He'll gainst you bend
The angry arrowes of his Indignation,
And recompense your high abomination.
You Rabbies, Sophies, Matchivilian Crew
Forsake your counsells. What think yee to doe?
Would yee confound the Heav'ns, and People Hell
Drowne the poore World in blood and trouble all?
Must yee like Tennis-balls thus canvasse Crownes,
Must Scepters stoop t'usurping Myters frownes?
Shall flour shing Kingdomes, shall proud Monarchies
[illegible] of your Hierarchies?
[illegible] they pay
Their tributaries [illegible] Tell me I pray
(You [illegible] why yee swell
[illegible] I pray you tell.
[illegible] Epilogize
Your Joyes [illegible] Tragedies?
Are all the [illegible]
Powrid [illegible] Mysteries?
Is dire [illegible] Hath light
Betray'd your shame unto the world [illegible]